8-6-77

Dear Harold,

I haven't written for some time primarily because things have been busy and confusing around here for quite awhile. Work got so hectic and exhausting that for awhile I would come home from work, eat dinner and go right to bed. It turned out that we had all worked so hard to meet all our deadlines that Westinghouse was able to settle out of court. My department has been gradually phased out since last month and, as of today, my job is officially over. Actually, it was over a few weeks ago because I quit. I know I probably gave you the impression that I loved everything about my job. I did enjoy my work and loved the people I worked with. But

there were alot of things we were all dissatisfied with, things that Westinghouse could have changed if it had cared to. Unfortunately, Westinghouse has a reputation for having poor relations with its employees and [redacted], in our case, since we were temporary employees, the relations were extremely poor. The four of us who were supervisors were close friends and always stuck together when Westinghouse decided it was time to screw the temporaries. We somehow ended up acting as a grievance committee and everytime someone working under us had a legitimate gripe we felt obligated to represent them before the Management. Obviously we were considered

boat-rockers - something Westinghouse hates above all else. Starting around May, when Westinghouse put a real bastard in charge of the project, morale had been on a steady decline. To make a very long story short, a week didn't go by that the "Upper Management," who remained totally out of contact with those working on the project & completely ignorant of how it was actually run, passed down a decision that ended up screwing the temporary employees right to the wall. Every time something like that happened, we went through all the "proper" channels in an attempt to work out our difficulties, but they just shut us out. Finally something happened that was the straw that broke the camel's back.

When we complained, we were told either to shut up, quit rocking the boat and follow orders, (kiss asses they should have said) or quit. We were given a few hours to decide. We all got together to figure out what to do. I called my mother for advice, or support actually because I had already made up my mind to quit, and she told me that no job is worth it if you have to kiss rear ends to keep it. (Now you know who I got my trouble-making big mouth from!) Anyway, we all quit. I had mixed feelings about the whole thing. I was glad that I was not in a position of having to pay a mortgage or support a family so that when put in a position of having to choose between

my beliefs and a job. I was able to choose the former. I felt bad over quiting because I dont like to quit anything; it also meant that the four of us wouldnt be working together anymore. After a few weeks of not working, I got pretty depressed. I think it was because with all my free time I got to thinking seriously about some things I hadnt had much time to consider before - mainly, what I really want to do with my life. What I discovered was that I didnt honestly Know. I have a deep interest in so many things, I'm not sure which I would want to spend the rest of my life doing. Youre probably wondering what happened to law school. Well, I did apply for this Sept. but I

was ripped-off by some red tape. When I applied back in October I assumed I would not be working in September (my job at Westinghouse was only supposed to last until January) so I applied for admission to the regular day classes. However in June, when it looked like I would still be working for quite some time, I notified the law school that I couldn't attend day classes if accepted & asked if I could be considered for admission to night school. They transferred my application to the night school but in doing so I technically became a late applicant. By the time my application was considered, the night classes were full so I am now on a waiting list. If someone who was accepted to the night school decides not to go

I can then take his place. However, the law school just raised its tuition by close to $1,000 so even if there is an opening I just can't afford it this year. Right now I'm giving very serious consideration to joining the Navy. I talked to the recruiter on Wednesday and there are some damn good opportunities. It's very tempting. That's just one of several possibilities I'm considering & I honestly don't know which one is going to win out. Well, enough of my problems, I just have to do some more thinking.

Believe it or not, I haven't forgotten about the index you asked me to do way back when. Things at work just got so busy and then all this came up I really haven't had time to finish it. It

occurred to me that I've been sitting on this thing for so long you may not even need it anymore.. If it will still be useful to you, let me know. Also, if you need it by a certain date, tell me & I'll make sure it gets done. I'm really sorry for taking so long, but now at least I have the time to work on it. I also have a stack of clippings to send you, all I have to do is get off my butt and make copies for myself.

I'll end on a happy note: Mary got her engagement ring this week and the wedding [redacted] is officially on for Sept. 16, 1978. I'm going to be maid of honor - I can just picture me tripping as

I go down the aisle. I usually dont enjoy weddings too much (I still vow to remain unattached - for a long time anyway) but after seeing who's on the guest list - all our friends from Kennywood + Barjo fraternity brothers - this wedding could turn out to be one hell of a celebration! I better quit writing before this thing turns into a book (which reminds me, how's the new book coming, or have you been too busy with other things to work on it?) Tell Lil I said hi. Take care.

Best,
Karen